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That the Prescott people wear better clothes, smoke better cigars, chew better tobacco, look handsomer and are happier than formerly? Ask Henderson & Co. my16.

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REGULAR MEETINGS
of this Lodge on Wednesday evenings, at Masonic Hall.
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A. O. NOYES, N. G.
E. DARLING, Rec. Sec. aug23

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Prescott, June 12, 1898.

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Groceries and Provisions,
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At the old stand formerly occupied by B. Colin, LA PAZ, Arizona. fe1998.

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That the Prescott Bars sell better Liquors than formerly? Ask HENDERSON & CO. my16.

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Goods well Bought, Sell Themselves.—D. HENDERSON, the senior partner of the firm, is constantly employed in San Francisco selecting and buying goods by which means we are enabled to take advantage of the fluctuations in prices, and purchase our goods at lower rates than any other House in Central Arizona.
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Day-Dreams and their Uses.

"Dream, oh! youth," says Bulwer in one of his loveliest stories of household life; "dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be prophetic; and before him Schiller struck a kindred chord when he bade the reader cling to the dreams of his youth; while Victor Hugo puts the thought to the test of practical suggestion, in language that may be paraphrased, 'We might more often tell the real nature of man by his day-dreams, if we knew them, than by his actions, for the dream is the spontaneous offshoot of his being, but his acts may be governed or produced by external circumstances.' Indeed, if we could penetrate the veil underneath which the human heart and brain are shielded, we should find that the day-dreams cherished there exert a manifold influence upon the characteristics of men, and, whether for failure or success, point as with an index finger to their future destinies."

There are probably few classes among the myriads of earth's workers in whom the dreaming or imaginative faculty is more fully developed, and in whom it is accorded greater range, than among inventors, for ideality and constructiveness are the agencies that gave birth to new creations of beauty and usefulness alike in science and in art, and the same in all molds from the common incidents and appliances of life, the forms of beauty and utility that endure for ever.

No improvement ever came into the world but had the archetype in the dreams of him who made it, and although the thoughts of the writer, the subjects of the artist, and the mechanical principles of the projector may all be old, yet imagination in each case arranges them in new relations with each other, and the hitherto unknown form looms up the incarnation of the dream.

In the old times a painter took for his model the face of a woman he saw passing in the street, and under his brush the coarse features softened until the calm, lineaments that his imagination had pictured looked down from the walls of the Vatican, where men stop to gaze and ponder upon their wondrous stop to this day. Later, a poet noted the deeper and softer elements of the human nature around him, then wrapping them in the folds of his own thought, wrote the story of Genevieve, and for ever after the world refused to forget the song. So, once, a man thought that the futile experiments of those who had lived before him might yet be brought to more useful form, and in his day-dreams saw machinery moving without power of horse or wind or water, and anon the dream took shape in the productions of the forge and the foundry, and now the great pulse of the world beats with the throb of steam; yet had there been no dreaming, no kindling amid the shade of the present of uncreated light to illumine the future, no angel face would have beamed from the temple wall, no rhyme would have made misty the eyes of the thoughtful, and no new motor would have guerdoned the earth with its colossal power. Surely the day-dreams that gave birth to these had their uses in the world.

We know that while we write, in workshops where the floors jar with the motion of drill and planer and engine lathe, and where sharp tools cut and chisel and mold wood into a thousand shapes of usefulness; in shipyards, where the sound of the hammer and creaking mallet are never stilled, and on farms where the harvester and the horse-rake are brought out ready for their work, there are men who are dreaming dreams in which new machines stand out to their gaze in fairer proportions and with greater promise than those they have known before, in which new processes take form to produce results greater and more useful than the old methods have ever done, and, whether the use of the day-dream shall be to guide the inventor on to triumph and success, or, like a will-o'-the-wisp, lead him to failure and disappointment, must in each case depend upon the manner in which he reads the histories that other dreams have left in the annals of mankind, and which teach but the single and oft-reiterated moral that, no matter how fair the vision, it can only be realized by long labor and strict obedience to the laws which, in their respective spheres, control every department of human effort. Had Michael Angelo neglected to acquire every detail of skill and practice that related to the art of the painter, his hand would have been unable to execute the conception of his brain, his work would have been forgotten; had Coleridge neglected the ordinary rules of composition, his poem would never have taken its splendid literary guise, and would have been but a failure; and in like manner had not Watt been a master of the mechanical science of his time he could not have surmounted the innumerable obstacles that came in his way, and his grand career would never have been; so that we see from these and unnumbered illustrations that may be produced in addition thereto, that though the day-dream may originate and shape the possibility, the practical, and that alone, can bring the possibility to full fruition. Let the inventor loose sight of the principle that constitute the groundwork of the branch in which he strives to excel, and his day-dream will be but a wave broken to foam and nothingness against the rocks; but let him bear them well in mind, and the day-dream will be at once the cause and the prophet of success.—*American Artisan.*

A WESTERN editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says, "that it is because there is so much due on it."

FINE weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather. My wife's got such a cold that she can't speak. I like such weather.

MEX think little of what is said, unless they think much of him who says it.

Josh Billings on Tomatoes.

It is now about 8 or eleven years since folks began to hanker after the tomato. About that time some doctor or pills dissected one of these vagrant vegetables, and discovered some doktor stuff in them.

As soon as folks found out they was fiske, they began to be very sweet on the tomato. At that time they wuz in the habit of growing in sly places, wherethey wuzn't afraid, over behind stone walls, among broken jugs, dead kate, and old injun rubber boots, for people wouldn't let them grow in gardens enny more than they would a kannada this-sell.

They were vagabond weeds, and even a wood hog wouldn't eat one of the berries that grows on them enny quicker than he would a ball of red stocking yarn.

But it was decided that there wuz sum pills in them, and they were put to nuss in pots and vases, and lived on the plat of the land, in hot houses, along side of tiger lillies and roses or sharon.

It took most folks about 18 months or perseverance and sea-sickness to get the tomato to go quietly down, and from a vile weed, more smelly than a dead kiam, the tomato has actually got to be more honored than a buckwheat slappack, or even a punkin pi.

This shows what love and affekshun will do.

I haven't any doubt that if Professor Ratsbane would say professionally, that wuspi nests was good to make a mousteeche grow black, half the men in the country would get a wasp and go into the nest buzziness.

I don't believe a tomato will keep a man any more healthy than red clover will, but I'm just like every one else, I wanted to get some better than I wuz, and I went to school to the tomato, and have got learnt how to eat them, if they are filled with salt and pepper, and soaked well in good sider vinegar.

But tomato have worked themselves up into necessary, an' I'm not the man to injer their repartashen, for I believe an innocent humbug iz as much right to win (if they kin) as enny other man.

I have seen folks pick them oph from the vines in the garden, and eat them right down alive. I would as soon undertake to eat a handful of potty.

There is one thing that I do hope, that no-body will undertake to make kaster fle one of the luxuries until after I am dead, for kaster fle and bed bugs iz 2 things that I solemnly swear I won't have, if I got to be ever so fashionable.

BULL AND BEAR FIGHTS.—The bull and bear fight in the upper part of town Saturday last, was a success. This highly moral entertainment was not witnessed alone by native Californians, but among the audience was a liberal sprinkling of all classes. The arena in which the fight took place was a small enclosure of from five to six rods square, in the centre of which was an upright post, to which the bear was chained by the hind and the bull by the fore leg. The bull's horns were sawed about one-third off, to put him on a fair footing with bruin who was blind. The spectators arranged themselves around the small enclosure as best they could; the payment of a dollar entitling one to a seat on the aristocratic side, near some corn stalks, set on end to keep the sun off, which they failed to do. Considerable time was spent in getting the animals in position. The first bear being blind not much of a fight was to be expected of him. The most revolting thing of the whole performance was to see the satisfaction manifested when the poor blind bear was being frightfully hooked by the sawed-off horns of the infuriated bull. All seemed to desire the death of the poor blind bear, as a punishment for being blind and unable to "go for" his antagonist. Not getting much fight from this bear, another bear and bull were brought into the arena. Half an hour was expended in vain attempts to get them together, after the ropes had been removed and they were expected to go at it. When they did come together, after much urging, the encounter was a terrific one, the bear grabbed the bull by the nose, throwing his paws around his neck, and in this embrace of death almost it seemed, bull and bear both rolled over in a great cloud of dust amidst great cheering. The bull, in this encounter, seemed worsted, and moaned piteously, but the bear said not a word though fearfully kicked and trampled. When the animals showed a disposition to stop the fight, they were again urged on by the brutes having the management. And thus it continued until dark, and longer for aught we know to the contrary.—*Los Angeles Republican.*

FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.—A writer in a late magazine tells a story which he had from the late Major Noah, to the effect that when James Gordon Bennett first applied for work at the office of the old *Courier and Enquirer*, he was in such distress that the kind-hearted Noah first gave him a quarter of a dollar to get a dinner with before beginning to talk with him about his future occupation. After Mr. Bennett had satisfied his hunger, he made a bargain with Major Noah and went to work. His duties included sweeping out the office in the morning, in addition to his more literary vocations. There are few men in history who, from such small beginnings, have risen to such wealth and power as Mr. Bennett.

A BASHFUL printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying that he never "set up" with a girl in his life.

"HAVE THE JURY AGREED?" asked the judge of a court attache whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Pat, "they have agreed to send out for a gallon of whiskey."

Decay of the Crow Indians--Their Customs and Mode of Life.

The Crows are poor, possessing but few ponies, and the few they have are poor in quality, and rapidly decreasing in numbers. Other Indians are constantly stealing from them, and they can neither buy nor steal enough to make up for their losses. An Ab-sa-reo-ka chief who possesses a dozen ponies is called in his tribe wealthy. The men are ignorant and slothful, and look upon labor as degrading and only fit for women. Riding their ponies after buffaloes and stealing horses from neighboring tribes is the extent of their labors, and in such exercises they find great pleasure. They compel their women to do all the labor, and often reward the overworked creatures with neglect and cruelty. The squaws are sometimes sold to the whites, and a pretty one may be got for a pony. One of the chiefs offered me his daughter in exchange for my horse. She is young and pretty, and I thought her cheap at this price, but for reasons known to discreet husbands, I declined his generous offer. Almost all of the women are filthy, degraded and obscenely vulgar. It would be difficult to find a dozen virtuous women in the whole tribe. They barter their persons in the same way, unconscious of wrong, as they sell a buffalo robe, and think a few cups of sugar pays them well for either one or the other. They rarely reach the age of fifteen years before taking husbands, and some marry as early as thirteen years.

They consider no part of an animal too filthy for them to eat. When a buffalo is killed, the entrails are torn out and thrown on the ground near the carcass, and the feast is prepared. The paposes thrust their faces into the heart and liver, and eat with the vim of hungry wolves. The squaws wipe the paunch over the grass and tear it into strips a foot long and two inches wide—these strips are tied into bunches of knots and swallowed without much ceremony. The large bones are broken, and the marrow, dug out with the finger, goes down with the paunch. Cartilage, almost as hard as bone, is chopped a little with a knife, and in large chunks passes away. The muscle is cut into large strips; one end of a strip is put into the mouth and drawn in with the tongue, and, snake-like, it slips down into the great vat. The animal is eaten uncooked, and in their haste they sometimes eat the flesh while it is yet quivering with life. A dozen Indians can finish a buffalo at one sitting. On Tongue river I saw a little squaw put herself outside of at least fifteen pounds of buffalo, which performance made a wonderful change in her personal appearance.

Stealing with them is an accomplishment and not a virtue. Nothing within their reach is safe. Not long since one of the gentle maidens walked into my tent, smoothed her hair with my tooth brush and quenched her thirst with the water in my washbowl. On taking her departure she very skillfully relieved me of a number of articles of no value to herself, but very useful to myself, among them my soap.

The Crows possess thousands of dogs, but, unlike other tribes, they do not eat them. They hold them in superstitious reverence, call them "good medicine," and love them almost as much as they do their children.

They are a cross between the wolf and a dog, and are of all sizes and colors. They never follow the men, but remain constantly with the women. It is an everyday sight to see an old squaw with twenty or thirty dogs following at her heels. Not long since I rode out to one of their villages which they had pitched near Fort C. F. Smith. As I approached the tepees, hundreds of these savage dogs rushed towards me, snapping and howling like angry devils, and kept up their infernal music until I went away. The squaws were drying wild plums and cherries on the ground among dry buffalo chips. The paposes were perfectly naked, and danced around me crying "sugar, sugar." I had no sugar to give them, but flung at them handfuls of dried apples.—*Cor. Eastern paper.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER SON.—The Des Moines (Iowa) *State Register* tells this story:

"Governor Merrill on Monday pardoned Mrs. Catharine Macardie, the old lady who has been in the State Penitentiary for four years. This old woman, full of maternal devotion, heroically sacrificed herself to save her son from the gallows. The son had killed his father, and the mother, to avert the doom from her offspring, claimed and confessed that it was she who had committed the murder, and on her own confession was condemned to be hung. Governor Stone commuted her sentence to imprisonment for life. The poor woman, after one or two attempts to commit suicide in the Jackson county jail, was finally sent to the penitentiary, and in the gloomy clasp of that prison she has been for four years, waiting and praying for death. When we visited the penitentiary last fall she was shriveled in body and nearly so in mind. For four years she had received no word or tidings from her friends; sixty-five years old, with her right arm palsied and helpless, abandoned by all of her blood, a victim to heroic motherly devotion, and with the light of earth, and seemingly that of heaven, shut out from her, she was truly as sad an object as ever trod the path of woe. Many persons have interested themselves in her behalf, and at last, through the kindness and consideration of our noble Governor, the disgraceful chains are stricken from her aged limbs, and she is once more free, but we fear not happy."

An exchange says: "The gentleman from Bibb, in the Georgia Legislature, got the floor in Atlanta, the other night, for obtaining his sentiments upon gentlemen. The decision was made by a chair in the hands of a gentleman, instead of the Speaker of the House."

HOW TO MAKE SPRUCE BEER.—1. Take three gallons of water of blood warmth, three half pints of molasses, a table spoonful of essence of spruce, and the like quantity of ginger; mix well together with a gill of yeast; let stand over night, and bottle in the morning. It will be in good condition to drink in twenty-four hours. It is a palatable, wholesome beverage.

2. Those who prefer mead have only to substitute honey for the molasses named above, and for one-third the ginger use allspice. Half the quantity of yeast will be sufficient, and the bottling should occur the second day instead of the next morning. It will be fit to drink in four days after being bottled, and will keep for many weeks. A small quantity of alcohol is formed during the fermentation, and this prevents the acetous fermentation so common to spruce beer. The essence of spruce is of course left out in the making of mead. The alcohol formed from the fermentation of honey resembles that found in *saccharin*, while the alcohol formed from the fermentation of molasses is *resin*. Those who imagine that they can make either spruce beer or mead without entirely forming any alcohol are mistaken; but it is present in so slight a proportion as not to be sensible to the most delicate temperance nerves.

The Republican National Platform expressly leaves the whole suffrage question to the States, each to control it as it sees fit. When Congress passed the law relating to impartial suffrage in Alabama and other Southern States, they were not States, but Territories, subject to such conditions upon their re-admission into the Union as the General Legislature might prescribe.—*Sacramento Union.*

If they were not "States, but Territories," why was their consent to the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution considered essential by Congress? Territories have nothing to do with constitutional amendments, Congress treated the Southern communities as States, and in prescribing qualifications for suffrage in those States assumed a power which may be exercised against all States, notwithstanding the National Republican platform.—*S. F. Call.*

TO KEEP PUTTER COOL.—Place a cake of butter in a saucer, and set it upon a common dinner-plate. Pour the plate full of water, but not high enough to run into the saucer, and place over the butter a common porous flower pot, which is just large enough to surround the saucer and stand it in the water. If the flower-pot has a hole in the bottom, close it with a cork. Set it all in a cool place, and occasionally drench the whole with cold water. If it is arranged in the morning, and properly attended to during the day, the butter for tea will be nearly as firm as if kept in an ice-house. If the flower-pot be wrapped with a cloth, it will be still better.

The Kansas City *Journal of Commerce* illustrates the intensity of the heat in that city as follows:

Yesterday a man wanted to find how high up his thermometer had run. He took a ladder to go up and see but melted before he got half way up the ladder and run down again. He was caught in a tin pail by his afflicted wife who was standing at the foot of the ladder and hung down in the eastern in hopes that he would survive. There is no hope for him, however, till the cool weather sets in.

LAND DECISION.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office says that mineral lands and minerals only are exempt from railroad grants. That a miner holds his claim under license from the United States Government, which is not revoked by the patents of the railroad company, and is not a trespasser on the public domain.

CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—C. E. B. Howe sends to the *Bulletin* the following prescription which he pronounces an infallible cure for small-pox:

One grain of sulphate of zinc, one grain of fox glove (*digitalis*); mix with a little water and sugar; then add three ounces of water; give the patient a tablespoonful of this every hour. At the second hour the patient begins to feel its effects by a great sense of comfort. At the third hour a genial and natural warmth pervades the system and by the eighth hour the disease is thoroughly arrested, no matter what stage it might have reached. It can be given at any period of the disease. A smaller dose for children, according to their age. One dose is far better than two vaccinations. It has been used and is being used with certainty in every case, arresting the disease at once. It is used in the same manner for scarlet fever, and with the same positive success.

The Radical Lieutenant-Governor of New York, recently made a speech in Brooklyn, and here in the manner in which he alluded to the Democratic nominee for President: "I make no attack upon Governor Seymour as a man. Most courteous and gentle in his manner, cultured in mind and persuasive in eloquence, his private character is without spot or blemish."

HOW TO GET UP REFRESHED.—Every person, who tells daily upon a farm in warm weather, should be careful to practice a system of abstinence at the close of each day's labor. Sometimes he may be so exhausted as to render this anything but an invigorating performance; yet by its omission he loses much of the refreshment which the hours of repose are designed to impart. Cleanliness of person is essential to sound and refreshing slumber, hence the labor of keeping one's person clean is amply repaid by the elasticity which follows from nightly ablutions, before retiring to rest. These are especially requisite during the haying and harvesting season when profuse perspiration is a certain concomitant of hard and protracted labor. Keep clean and sleep soundly,—go to bed unwashed and rise in the morning unrefreshed, with a feeling of lassitude which the exertions of the day will hardly be able to remove.